VOL. II. LITERARY TABLET. No. XXIII.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON MODERN FASHIONS.

Mr. ORLANDO,

FROM a conviction of the obligations, that we of the preſent generation lie under, to conſult the happineſs of poſterity in all our proceedings, I am induced to offer ſome remarks on the probable happy tendency of ſome of the preſent habits of the faſhionable world. I am ſenſible of the danger of offending that part of your readers, who are ſtill attached to permanent faſhions and 'ſteady habits;' but, curioſity impels, and I hope I ſhall be entitled to ſome grains of allowance from them, when I confeſs, that, I have no intuitive or demonſtrable proof, that the tendency of modern faſhions will be favorable, or that it will not be unfavorable to the happineſs of poſterity; as it reſpects their natural, moral, and rational exiſtence: but who, that conſiders the old adage that "habit is a ſecond nature;" or the more modern idea, that nature itſelf is but a habit, will not entertain an exalted opinion of the probable conſequences of our preſent faſhions?

We are told that a certain ſect, (I think in the time of Queen Anne) to diſtinguiſh themſelves, made a peculiar application of ſhears and bandages to their heads; which trick of art Nature ſoon learnt to copy, ſo as to raiſe up a generation denominated 'round heads.'

Slitting the ear of a male Deer has been ſaid to have had ſuch an impreſſion on the females, as to mark a whole herd of poſterity.

Some of the inhabitants of Italy, by cutting off the tails of a few generations of the canine ſpecies, are ſaid to have been able to raiſe a breed of dogs without tails. And a certain young Herdiman, (I once read of in an almanack, or ſome old book) made a ſpeculative contract with his employer for all the ſpeckled cattle his herd ſhould produce; after which, by an artful exhibition of peeled hazles, and other party coloured objects, before the females, at certain times, he made his fortune.

Theſe inſtances are ſufficient to prove the wonderful operations of nature, and who, that conſiders them diligently, will not expect wonderful effects produced in the deſcendants of the preſent generation; ſince our females are daily expoſed to the influence of ſuch a variety of glaring faſhions, attached to objects naturally calculated to make deep impreſſions? The preſent mode of cutting the hair ſhort behind, and leaving it long before, ſeems deſigned to invite nature to contract the cranium, leſſen the ſenſorium, and make up the deficiency by enlarging the face; which, though attended with ſome inconvenience to thoſe, who are under the neceſſity of thinking, yet would be of much uſe to thoſe, who ſhall adopt our preſent modes of political hypocriſy, and religious enthuſiaſm; eſpecially if their faces are well ſtored with hereditary braſs, which, when poliſhed, has this advantage over glaſs, it will reflect images without the expenſe of mercury behind it.

The preſent faſhion of wide collars (which are worn by many who are not able to procure the reſt of the ſhirt) ſeems, like Jacob's peeled hazles, the effect of ſome deſign. Were I to hazard a conjecture, I would ſay, that the extreme ſcarcity of money at preſent induces our votaries of faſhion to fear that their poſterity will all be counterfeiters of it; and to provide againſt the conſequences of their being detected in ſuch buſineſs, they have wiſely covered their own ears with their collars, that nature may take the hint, and, in forming her future offspring, leave out that uſeleſs part, ſo often the ſport of the executioner.

I will not be poſitive in my judgment of final cauſes, but I ſincerely think, that the bundles worn of late about the necks of our young gallants, called puddings, were humanely calculated for the benefit of future poor criminals, for whoſe ſake I would moſt earneſtly recommend their farther uſe: though many of my readers may conclude they have already been ſufficiently worn, to excite nature to cauſe ſuch an oppoſition of bony and cartilaginous concretions about the trachea as to bid eternal defiance to hatters.

The preſent faſhion of three inch veſts ſeems deſigned to invite nature to reduce the thorax to a narrower circumference, that the heart and lungs (thoſe parts ſo eſſential to life) may elude the ſearch of Cupid's darts; the inconvenience of being wounded by which, is daily experienced and lamented by many of our unfortunate young beaux.

The omnipreſence of modern pantaloons ſeems deſigned as a ſpecial hint to nature on the neceſſity of enlarging the abdominal, dorſal, and femoral muſcles, the importance of which is well known to ſoldiers, in the ſervice both of Mars and Venus.

Following this train of reaſoning, the deſign of our modern boots ſeems a little more intricate. It would be diſingenuous to ſay that they were introduced to excite nature to make ſuch a configuration of the lower extremities of mankind in future, as to calculate them to decide all party contentions, by the polite art of kicking ſhins; for the idea would be rather too low for this refined age. Therefore, I ſhall leave this point to be determined by the connoiſſeurs of faſhion.

Much more might be added to prove the extraordinary benefits that poſterity will reap from the influence of our preſent faſhions; but I ſhall conclude by obſerving, that our modeſt fair, being deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of the importance of living under ſuitable impreſſions, while poſterity are advancing into the world, and having unbounded confidence in the art and honeſty of the other ſex, in conducting thoſe wonderful operations of nature, have left the buſineſs wholly in their hands; and in order not to counteract their deſigns, by influencing each other with any ſingularities of their own dreſs, they have condeſcendingly determined to reduce themſelves by degrees to an entire ſtate of nudity.

PHILO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

'*Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur.*'

THERE are not ſo many impoſſibilities as moſt people imagine. Timid minds deſpair of ſucceſs, when a new difficulty ariſes, or an accident puts a ſtop to their progreſs; but he, who is reſolute, is not diſcouraged by being once repulſed. Oppoſition adds courage to the brave, but is death to the coward. The Americans aſſerted their independence, believed that they were able to maintain it, and the power of Britain could not ſubject them to ſervitude. But armies, more numerous than that of Xerxes, would never conquer, if they doubted of being victorious. If confidence of ſucceſs aſſiſted a ſmall body of Greeks in overthrowing the Perſian army, ſhall we not be juſtified in aſſerting, that it is of great advantage to individuals? A man may never look for eminence in the world, unleſs he entertains a favorable opinion of his own abilities; for how can he ſuppoſe, that others will judge better of him, than he does of himſelf? If he fears to diſplay his talents, who ſhall recommend him? He cannot expect to riſe in eſteem without ſtriving for it; but give him faith like a grain of muſtard-ſeed, and he ſhall remove mountains.

The huſbandman, who believes, that he cannot labor, and acts according to his belief, looks in vain for the harveſt. So with every other occupation, thoſe, who never think of excelling, muſt always look poverty in the face and remain deſtitute of employment.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF DR. ARMSTRONG.

John Armſtrong, M. D. a poet and phyſician, was born, about 1709, at Caſtleton, in Roxburghſhire, Scotland, where his father was miniſter. In his principal poem, he has very pleaſingly celebrated his native place, and the rivulet with which it is beautified.

Such the ſtream
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays,
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-ſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong; though not a purer ſtream,
Thro meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the weſtern main, &c.

ART OF HEALTH, Book III.

He was deſigned for the medical profeſſion,

and ſtudied for that purpoſe in the univerſity of Edinburgh, where he took his degree with reputation, in 1732. The ſubject of his inaugural theſis was *De Tabe purulenta*. He ſettled in London, where he appeared in the double capacity of author and phyſician; but his ſucceſs in the former, as has frequently been the caſe, ſeems to have impeded his progreſs in the latter. His firſt publication, in 1735, was a humorous attack upon empirics, in the manner of Lucian, entitled "An Eſſay for abridging the Study of Phyſic; to which is added, A Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the Practice of Phyſic, as it is managed by a certain illuſtrious Society; and an Epiſtle from Uſbeck the Perſian to Joſhua Ward, Eſq." In 1737 he publiſhed a ſerious profeſſional piece, "On the Venereal Diſeaſe;" and ſoon after it, a poem, entitled "The Economy of Love," which met with a ſucceſs, which was probably, in the end, a ſource neither of ſatisfaction nor advantage to the author. It is an elegant and vigorous performance, but ſo warm in ſome of its deſcriptions, as to have incurred the general cenſure of licentiouſneſs, which has excluded it from the moſt reputable collections of poetry. The author himſelf conſiderably pruned its luxuriances in an edition printed in 1768.

In 1744, his capital work, the didactic poem on "The Art of preſerving Health," appeared and raiſed his literary reputation to a height, which his after-peformances ſcarcely ſuſtained. A poem "On Benevolence," in 1751, and another entitled "Taſte, an Epiſtle to a young Critic," in 1753, ſhowed that he continued to cultivate the muſes, though with no extraordinary ſucceſs. A volume, in proſe, of "Sketches or Eſſays on various Subjects," under the name of "Launcelot Temple, Eſq." in 1758, was better received by the public, who admired the humour and knowledge of the world which it diſplayed. The celebrated Mr. Wilkes, then his intimate acquaintance, was ſuppoſed to have contributed a ſhare to this volume.

Dr. Armſtrong had profeſſional intereſt enough in 1760, to obtain the appointment of phyſician to the army in Germany. From that country he wrote "Day," a poem, and "An Epiſtle to John Wilkes, Eſq." A reflection upon Churchill in this latter piece drew upon him a ſevere retaliation from that irritable bard in his "Journey." Party now ran ſo high, eſpecially that of the worſt kind, national animoſity, that a native of Scotland could ſcarcely keep up a friendly intercourſe with an Engliſh oppoſitioniſt: accordingly, we find that the intimacy between Dr. Armſtrong and Mr. Wilkes was diſſolved about this time. At the peace of 1763, Armſtrong returned to London, and reſumed the practice of phyſic; but his habits and manners oppoſed an inſurmountable bar againſt popular ſucceſs. His mind was too lofty to ſtoop to intrigue; his manner ſtiff and reſerved; and his diſpoſition was indolent. He continued occaſionally rather to amuſe than exert himſelf in literary productions, ſerious and humorous; ſometimes, in the latter, miſtaking oddity for wit, and indulging an unpleaſant vein of vulgarity in expreſſion, and miſanthropy in ſentiment. Theſe later effuſions are ſcarcely worth particulariſing.—In 1771 he made a journey to France and Italy, accompanied by the celebrated painter, Mr. Fuſeli, who warmly atteſts the benevolence of his character. On this tour, he took a laſt farewel, in Italy, of his friend Smollet, to whom he was much attached. He publiſhed a ſhort account of this ramble, under the name of Launcelot Temple. His laſt publication, a pamphlet, in 1773, entitled "Medical Eſſays," accounts, in a ſplenetic manner, for the limited practice he attained, and complains of his literary critics. He died in September, 1779, leaving conſiderable ſavings from a very moderate income.

Armſtrong was a man much beloved and reſpected by his intimates, and ſeems to have poſſeſſed great goodneſs of heart, as well as extenſive knowledge and abilities; but a kind of morbid ſenſibility preyed on his temper, and a languid liſtleſſneſs damped his intellectual efforts. The following lines in Thompſon's "Caſtle of Indolence," are ſaid to have been meant for his portraiture:

> With him was ſometimes joined, in ſilent walk,
> (Profoundly ſilent—for they never ſpoke)
> One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk;
> Oft ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
> To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak.
> There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
> And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke:
> He never utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
> The glitteriug ſtar of eve——"Thank heav'n! the day is done."

It ſhould not be forgotten, that Armſtrong contributed to this excellent poem the fine ſtanzas, deſcriptive of the diſeaſes to which the votaries of indolence finally become martyrs.

His reputation as a poet, is almoſt ſolely founded on his "Art of preſerving Health," for his other pieces ſcarcely riſe above mediocrity. This may well rank among the firſt didactic poems in the Engliſh language; and though that claſs of poetry is not of the higheſt order, yet the variety incident to his ſubject, has given him the opportunity of diſplaying his powers on ſome of the moſt elevated and intereſting topics, and they are found fully adequate to the occaſion. The work is adopted into the body of Engliſh claſſics, and has often been printed, both ſeparately, and in collections. The following character of Armſtrong's ſtyle and manner, is given in an eſſay prefixed to an ornamented edition of the poem, printed for Cadell and Davies, 1795. "It is diſtinguiſhed by its ſimplicity—by a free uſe of words which owe their ſtrength to their plainneſs—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraſeology. His ſentences are generally ſhort and eaſy; his ſenſe clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken in at the firſt glance; and there are no lofty myſteries to be unravelled by a repeated peruſal. What keeps his language from being proſaic, is the vigour of his ſentiments. He thinks boldly, feels ſtrongly, and therefore expreſſes himſelf poetically. Where the ſubject ſinks, his ſtyle ſinks with it; but he has for the moſt part, excluded topics incapable either of vivid deſcription, or of the oratory of ſentiment. He had from nature a muſical ear, whence his lines are ſcarcely ever harſh, though apparently without much ſtudy to render them ſmooth. On the whole, it may not be too much to aſſert, that no writer in blank verſe can be found more free from ſtiffneſs and affectation; more energetic without harſhneſs, and more dignified without formality."

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

REMARKS on CLASSICAL LEARNING.

Concluded.

WE ſhall mention ſome benefits, which may reſult from a ſtudy of the claſſics.

To extol the antients and depreciate the moderns, has been a favorite employment with ſome admirers of antiquity. Former times are repreſented as the golden age of the world, when wiſdom and virtue were univerſally prevalent. We have already had too much of this ridiculous cant. It is our pride and pleaſure to believe, that the world is at preſent at leaſt as humane, as virtuous, and, conſequently, as happy, as at any former period. Yet if we are ſuperior to the Greeks and Romans in the milder and more amiable virtues of ſociety, we are deficient in thoſe heroic and diſintereſted ſentiments, which they certainly poſſeſſed. Our virtue is too much the effect of *calculation*; and a habit of coolly reaſoning on every ſubject has almoſt annihilated the warm and generous feelings of the heart. The preſent age is alſo unhappily diſtinguiſhed by an inordinate love of riches. Ambition, with the antients, was the ruling principle, a principle productive indeed of much vice and miſery, yet ſurely ſuperior, in its nature and conſequences, to the mean and baſe ſelfiſhneſs of avarice. It is the province of hiſtory to correct the defects of modern times by the example of former ages; and the object of education, to fortify the young and untainted mind againſt the contagion of faſhionable vice. What more effectual method can we take to produce theſe excellent effects, than by imprinting upon the retentive memory of childhood, the inflexible juſtice of Ariſtides, the voluntary poverty of Valerius, the modeſty of Cato, who choſe rather to *be*, than to *ſeem*, good, and the virtue of Fabricius, whom, by the confeſſion of an enemy, it was more difficult to turn from the path of honor, than the ſun from its courſe. Let a boy read the ſtory of Regulus, or of the Decii, he burns to imitate them, his eye flaſhes fire, his breaſt ſwells with indeſcribable emotion; every noble and honorable ſentiment is ſtamped in deep and laſting aſſociations. His character acquires that heroic elevation, that devotion to the public weal, which conſtitutes the true patriot, and which has raiſed to immortal glory, an Alfred, a Sidney, and a Waſhington.

To give an opinion on the general merit of the claſſics, would be ridiculous. The authority of the beſt critics, however, juſtifies us in aſſerting that in poetry, in hiſtory, and in eloquence, they have no equal in modern times. Homer's *Iliad*, and the *Anabaſis* of Xenophon, are ſo intereſting, that they are read with pleaſure even by the ſchool-boy who turns to his

dictionary at every line. The Georgics of Virgil are eſteemed by the learned equal, if not ſuperior to any of the moſt admired productions of the ages; and it may well be doubted, whether we ſhall be gainers by laying aſide the plain and ſimple rules of Longinus, Quintilian, and Horace, to ſubſtitute, in their ſtead, thoſe obſcure and ponderous volumes of metaphyſical criticiſm, which in our day ſo greatly abound.

Againſt making the ſtudy of the claſſics an eſſential part of education with thoſe, who are deſigned for the practice of law and medicine, it is urged, that attention to profeſſional ſtudies allows no time for the peruſal of claſſic authors. But this is the plea of indolence. Very many of the moſt eminent lawyers and phyſicians are not more celebrated for profeſſional ſkill, than for claſſical learning. Independent of thoſe direct advantages derived from an acquaintance with the learned languages, they communicate a grace and dignity to thoſe liberal profeſſions, which render them reſpectable in the eyes, both of the vulgar and the learned.

In theſe times of doubt and infidelity, an accurate acquaintance with the claſſics is highly neceſſary in the teachers of a religion, the evidence of whoſe truth is contained in the Greek and Latin languages. In vain ſhall we oppoſe to a future Hume or Gibbon the arguments of our beſt divines, however concluſive their reaſoning may appear. The appeal is made from them to the original authorities. If we are ignorant of theſe and unable to examine them, the cauſe of chriſtianity may ſuffer in ſo unequal a conteſt.

It is ſaid, that a few men ſingularly well-ſkilled in the learned languages, will be ſufficient to prevent theſe ill conſequences. This is true; but it ſhould be conſidered, that to obtain theſe few, many muſt be well inſtructed; the ſtudy muſt receive encourrgement and general eſteem, or men of genius will turn their attention to purſuits, which promiſe more notice and applauſe.

Not only the principal evidence for the truth of our religion, but our religion itſelf, is contained in the language of the Greeks. The leading and moſt important doctrines of the New Teſtament are, indeed, plain and eaſy to be underſtood. They were addreſſed to the underſtandings of the multitude; and cannot be obſcured, even by an imperfect tranſlation. Yet there are ſome parts of the ſacred volume, of which this cannot be affirmed. The Apoſtle Paul was educated in all the learning of antient philoſophy. Hence, ſays Mr. Locke, his epiſtles abound with ſubtle argumentation and intricate reaſoning, with alluſions to Grecian cuſtoms, and illuſtrations drawn from the antient poets; they are alſo full of abrupt digreſſions; and the chain of argument is often ſo fine, that, if one ſentence be miſunderſtood, the whole becomes unintelligible. From ſuch premiſes we infer, *a priori*, the improbability, that a tranſlation, executed in the early dawn of learning, and executed too by men, who muſt neceſſarily tinge the ſcriptures with the colours of their own prejudice, ſhould give, univerſally, the ſenſe and ſpirit of the original. God forbid, that we ſhould caſt any reflection on the memory of thoſe pious, thoſe venerable men, to whom we are indebted for the common verſion of the Scriptures. That they performed their taſk ſo well, will ever be matter of aſtoniſhment and admiration. They emancipated themſelves from a heavy load of eſtabliſhed prejudices. At a period, when it was dangerous to doubt and criminal to reaſon, they dared to think and decide for themſelves; and we have profited little by their excellent example, if, in this free and enlightened age, we are ſo idle or ſo indifferent as to reſt contented with a human copy, when we have before us the divine original. Let a clergy, who are reſtrained by epiſcopal authority, whoſe opinions are eſtabliſhed by acts of Parliament, and fettered by the iron bands of ſubſcriptions and teſt acts; let ſuch alledge theſe circumſtances in excuſe for not examining the ſcriptures. In this land of civil and religious liberty no ſuch refuge is afforded. Enquiry is unreſtrained, and negligence doubly criminal.

The ſtudy of the claſſics, we have ſeen, affords much pleaſing and uſeful inſtruction; it tends to enlighten the mind, improve the taſte, and correct the heart; it makes us acquainted with the beſt writers, which the world has produced; it inſpires the love of liberty and virtue; it lays open the oracles of divine truth. Shall, then, the liberal and learned, yielding to the clamours of the illiterate, or to indulge their own indolence, neglect theſe ſtudies? Let them rather, by a frequent peruſal of the antients, endeavour to acquire their ſimplicity of ſtyle, and energy of thought: They may then hope to equal, if not ſurpaſs them.

Mr. ORLANDO,

IF you think the following humorous lines of the celebrated and admired Dr. Johnſon, worthy a place in your uſeful Tablet, you will pleaſe to inſert them. When Dr. Percy firſt publiſhed his collection of ancient Engliſh ballads, perhaps he was too laviſh in commendation of the beautiful ſimplicity and poetic merit he ſuppoſed himſelf to diſcover in them.—This circumſtance provoked Johnſon to obſerve to him, one evening at Miſs Reynold's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly in common narrative and converſation. For inſtance, ſays he,

As with my hat upon my head,
I walk'd along the ſtrand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.—

Or to make ſuch poetry ſubſervient to my own immediate uſe:—

I therefore pray thee Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and ſugar ſoften'd well,
Another diſh of tea.
Nor fear that I my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.
Yet hear alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown;—
Thou canſt not make the tea ſo faſt,
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through ſeveral ſtanzas, till the reverend critic cried out for quarter.

FARRAGO.

To Readers and Correſpondents.

We are neceſſitated to haſten the publication of the Tablet, that the ſecond volume may be completed by the time propoſed.—The next number will be iſſued in a week from this date.

LEANDER is thanked for his late communication.

A. B.'s poetical productions are received, but we have not had time to peruſe them. Judging from the few lines we have read, we think the author cannot be called an *illegitimate* ſon of the Muſes.

ERRATA.—Page 1ſt, 2d col. 35th line from the bot. for *hatters*, read *halters*—ſame col. 29th line from the top, for *oppoſition*, read *appoſition*.

DIED,

In Jamaica, Mrs. Mills, aged 118; ſhe was followed to the grave by 295 of her children, grand-children, great-grand-children, & great-great-grand-children, 60 of whom named Ebanks, belong to the regiment of militia for St. Elizabeth's pariſh.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A NAME.

WHILE poets ſkill'd in ancient lore,
And favor'd by the muſe,
Flap their bold pinions as they ſoar,
Which ſtrengthen e'en by uſe;
My fancy ſpreads her new-fledg'd wing,
Deſcries their awful height;
Halts in deſpair, or if ſhe ſing,
Forbears the giddy flight.
They, void of fear, outdo themſelves,
I ſink beneath myſelf;
They're ſtyl'd a ſet of rhyming elves,
But *I* a ſorry elf.
Juſt ſo our world—the rich and poor;
(And ſhameful to expreſs)
That, having much, is gaining more,
This, but a little, leſs.
While cowards creep, the bold aſpire,
Nor quit their fond intent;
Old Gripus loans, while paupers hire
And pay their cent per cent.
The beau, who noted for addreſs,
Aſſumes a ſocial air,
May carry amours to exceſs,
And not offend the fair.
The Miſs, whom innocence protects,
Who ſtands unſoil'd by fame,
Will realiſe the bleſt effects,
"The magic of a name."
Then ſtrive to drink at wiſdom's cup,
And well enjoy the boon,
Rememb'ring thoſe whoſe names are up
May lay a bed till noon.

A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SISTERS.

By the late Judge BURNET.

THE mind of bright Sukey's a jewel,
Well ſet in a delicate frame,
But Annama pleaſes me too well
T' examine what cauſes the flame.

The charms of ſweet Sukey inſpire me,
Her face, ſhape, and wit I adore;
But Annama's ſmiling eyes fire me
To raptures I ne'er felt before.

The one every art is ſo well in,
Each word and each look I approve;
The other ſo ſmiles on a ſudden,
I only know this, that I love.

His meaſure with Sukey Time loſes,
Hours fly like the minutes away;
If Annama her preſence refuſes,
One minute appears a whole day.

To muſic when Sukey light bounds,
My fancy too dances the hays;
When Annama's ſpinnet rebounds,
I feel on my heart-ſtrings ſhe plays.

One ſiſter my *head* ſo poſſeſſes,
My reaſon with her would take part;
The other that rebel ſuppreſſes,
And abſolute reigns in my *heart*.

FAREWELL,

FROM THE ABBE O'MOORE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

HONORABLE DAVID HUMPHREYS,

Miniſter Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, at the Court of Madrid.

THEE, Humphreys! I addreſs, ſince ev'n thy name
Can in cold boſoms light a poet's flame;
And well it ſuits an humble muſe like mine,
Proſtrate to own the dignity of thine.
This day each maid that haunts the ſacred ſpring,
Salutes the infant year from every ſtring;
Save mine, who lonely vales and woods among,
Her hair diſhevell'd and her harp unſtrung,
Weeps that, like Philomel, thou ſoon wilt fly
To diſtant groves, beneath another ſky.

Oh, how unlike the *proud* when rais'd to rank,
Too ſwol'n to move within their nat'ral bank,
Who, ſoon o'erflowing, with reſiſtleſs force,
Break down each bridge of ſocial intercourſe!
Humphreys has ſtrengh of character to bear,
Unmov'd, all fortunes in a lofty ſphere;
Beneath his feet repulſive pride to throw,
And ſtoop with dignity to thoſe below.
But if his country bids, in arduous hour,
He, bold, aſſerts his miniſterial power;
And mildly ſtubborn, ev'n before a throne,
Supports his nation's honor and his own.

So of himſelf an emblem is his muſe,
Both ever quick the proper tone to chooſe;—
From her how unaffected flows the ſtrain,
Whene'er ſhe treads the woodland and the plain;
But when her trumpet ſounds the rough alarms,
And calls Columbia's patriot ſons to arms;
Then fierce and ſpirited the note ſhe pours,
And hoſts riſe thund'ring, "*Freedom ſhall be ours!*"

Bleſt Poet, Patriot, Warrior, oh, that long
Thy life may charm with virtue and with ſong!
FAREWELL! and gentle as thy partner's mind,
May'ſt thou thy paſſage to thy country find:
Charm'd OCEAN emulate her placid ſoul,
Nor ſtorms ariſe, nor angry billows roll;
But waft both ſwiftly o'er his rude domains,
To thoſe, by Humphreys made, immortal plains;
Where firſt by Freedom and genius taught,
Alike he ſweetly ſung and bravely fought.

WILLIAM O'MOORE,
Chaplain to his Catholic Majeſty's Foot Walloon Guards.

Madrid, Jan. 1, 1802.

From the 'PLEASURES of HOPE.'

By Thomas Campbell.

WHAT potent ſpirit guides the raptur'd eye,
To pierce the ſhades of dim futurity?
Can Wiſdom lend, with all her heavenly pow'r
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! ſhe darkly ſees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a ſpan;
Or, if ſhe hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictur'd too ſeverely true.

With thee, ſweet Hope! reſides the heav'nly light,
That pours remoteſt rapture on the ſight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each ſlumb'ring paſſion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I ſee the ſiſter band,
On tiptoe watching, ſtart at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them ſteer,
To pleaſure's path, or glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muſes ſay,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their firſt decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant ſtars to earth below;
When Murder bar'd his arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, baniſh'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewleſs winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forſook the friendleſs guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd ſtill behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height to ſweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a ſacred gift to man.

Auſpicious Hope! in thy ſweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their ſweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim ſeeks thy ſummer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid ſpirits bring;
What viewleſs forms th' Æolian organs play,
And ſweep the furrowed lines of anxious tho't away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneſieſt bounds, and Ocean's wildeſt ſhore.
Lo! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;

Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the weſtern ſtar,
With meteor-ſtandard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he ſweeps, where ſcarce a ſummer ſmiles,
On Behrring's rocks, or Greenland's naked iſles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From waſtes that ſlumber in eternal ſnow;
And waft, acroſs the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaſka's ſhore.

Poor child of danger, nurſling of the ſtorm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the ſhatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is ſad, thy home is far away.

A poor ſimple foreigner, not long ago,
Whoſe knowledge of Engliſh was, ſimply, ſo ſo;
At a ſhop window reading, "Good pickles ſold here,"
To the ſhopman ſaid, "Vat is pickles, my dear?"
"Why pickles," ſays ſhe, "is a ſort of a name,
"Like preſerves, and the meaning is nearly the ſame;
"For pickling preſerves, though not quite the ſame way,
"Yet 'tis much the ſame thing, as a body may ſay."
The foreigner bow'd and gave thanks for his leſſon,
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine meſs on:
For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miſs Kitty Nervous,
To ſtart from her chair, and cry "Mercy preſerve us!"
While he, keeping cloſely his leſſon in view,
Cry'd, "Mercy *preſerve* us, and *pickle* us too."

Hanover, (N. H.) JULY 24, 1805.

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